"Nothing. I want...Jim, you must take me now...I must belong to you."

At Spock's words desire surged through Kirk, the sweet ache in his loins became a throbbing pain. He had desired this surrender so long, and barely admitted the hunger to himself. A master did not submit to his slave.

"Are you sure?" Kirk's hands moved caressingly over Spock's belly. "You don't have to..."

"I want to, need to. Here we are only lovers, and if our bonding is to have any meaning at all, I must belong to you as surely as you do to me, otherwise you may come to doubt, to wonder if I have tricked you. And...I wish it, Jim. Please...take me...."

Unable to resist, Kirk leaned down to his lover. "Oh, I will," he promised thickly. "I want you...so much...."

He sought the soft lips, and they parted eagerly under his, coaxing his tongue into the moist heat of the Vulcan's mouth; Kirk savored the kiss, but the pounding in his groin intensified, and he pulled away, kneeling back to run his hands over Spock's body. Lifting Spock's legs onto his shoulders, he probed between the Vulcan's buttocks, frowning as his fingers touched the tight opening.

"I'm not sure," he whispered. "I could hurt you...."

"Please, Jim!" Spock pulled at him urgently. "You must...I want you inside me!" His voice was hoarse as he pleaded.

"I'll try." Kirk gripped his penis and guided the rigid organ between Spock's cheeks. He thrust gently, and Spock groaned as the head penetrated. Kirk froze, trying to control the lust that ravaged his mind, fighting the temptation to force his way into the submissive body.

"I can't," he choked. "It's not...I'm too big...."

He began to withdraw, but with a sob of despair Spock arched convulsively so that the full length of the hard shaft was driven deep inside him. Terrified, Kirk remained motionless, heart-sick as he watched tears well up in the dark eyes.

"You shouldn't...you didn't have to prove..."

"The firm lips curved in a smile. "I am unharmed, Jim. The pain is fading already." The glowing eyes widened, filled with wonder. "I can feel you...inside me. I belong to you.... Jim, use me as I have used you. Show me what you felt. Teach me what is to be possessed."

"Yes, yes..." Kirk laughed in relief and began to thrust into the exciting heat. His hand curled around Spock's penis, stroking the Vulcan as their bodies worked together. He had expected a certain degree of awkwardness at first, but there was none as their joined minds allowed each to sense the other's sensations and react accordingly. Instead it was a little like making love to himself, knowing in advance which caress was longed for, and exactly what response each touch would bring.

Spock trembled in his arms, almost overwhelmed by an unimagined pleasure. Kirk was gentle, tender, loving...and totally ruthless as he plundered the delights of Spock's virgin body, taking his willing surrender and reflecting it back a hundredfold as the unendurable ecstasy mounted higher and higher. Tears spilled from his eyes, unnoticed until Kirk leaned forward to kiss them away, his lips gentle even in the frenzy that owned them. Spock's sharp nails raked Kirk's back as he drove himself blindly against the Human. His head fell back and he screamed his pleasure as he climaxed, as Kirk's penis spasmed inside him, filling him with the cool slickness of Human semen.

Kirk withdrew carefully, and slumped forward to lie against Spock's chest, both of them gasping painfully for breath, then he rolled away and turned on his side to gather Spock in his arms. For a moment he looked down in wonder. He had not imagined that Spock, the fiercely-proud warrior, could be capable of such total submission to the will of another. Then his eyes clouded with worry.

"Have I hurt you?" His voice shook with fear as he searched between the Vulcan's thighs, dreading to find them smeared with blood. To his relief, his fingers came away dampened only with semen.

"Jim..." The parted lips tempted him, and he claimed them imperiously, his tongue penetrating deep into the Vulcan's mouth, but he pulled away in surprise as his penis began to engorge again.

"What's happening to me? I was never able...to arouse so quickly..."

"Nothing for you to fear," teased the Vulcan. "It is merely that you have triggered my sexual heat through the bonding, and because you are dominant, the desire is expressed through your body. You must continue to use me until you are completely drained. Take you own pleasure. Mine will come from serving your need."

Spock turned and rose onto his hands and knees, wriggling his buttocks into Kirk's groin. The Human shuddered with desire at the sight of the body he lusted for offered to him, and with eager fingers he parted the buttocks and surged forward. It was easier this time, for Spock was still moist from Kirk's ejaculation, and he showed no discomfort as the Human ploughed into him, but thrust eagerly backward to meet the penetration. Kirk gripped Spock's hips firmly, and the tensing of the anal muscles around his penis brought him to rapid orgasm.

Sobbing, blind to everything but his hunger, Kirk turned Spock onto his back and explored the submissive body, sucking and biting at each vulnerable spot. The green-bronze nipples fascinated him and he lingered, sucking at each in turn until the bittersweet taste of Vulcan blood filled his mouth.

Shocked at his violence, yet desperate for relief, Kirk pulled the long legs apart and buried himself in the warmth, cooling his own fires in Spock's, but when he withdrew the hunger gnawed at him so that he trembled in fear at what he might do next.

"Let me help you, Jim." Fingers pressed lightly against his temples and the need receded slightly as love and reassurance filled his mind. "The intensity of the need tires you," Spock continued as he sat up and lifted Kirk beside him. "Though it must be burned out, a short respite will be beneficial."

Arms around each other, they walked into the bathroom, Spock smilingly shaking his head when Kirk moved to ring for slaves.

"No one else," he murmured. "Tonight we serve each other."

He filled the bath himself and lifted Kirk into the warm, scented water, joining him so they could wash each other, not master and slave, but companions, lovers. The warmth, the gentle hands gliding over his skin abated Kirk's hunger to a pleasurable glow, and he enjoyed the sheer intimacy